EUROPE'S PRESS IN EXILE . . . By Marjorie Taggart White

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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THE VOICES OF FREEDOM LIVE

—"*Tide.*"

"THERE is graphic evidence of the contrasting personalities and points of view that go to make up the exile press." (See page 3)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Europe's Press in Exile

Through New Channels It Is Speaking to Refugees and Allies

MARJORIE TAGGART WHITE

WHEN the Germans first sewed up the European continent, they must have felt confident that their victims now had no way to speak to the outside world. As usual, the Germans were wrong. Every single country that has been gagged and chained has proceeded to tell its story to the world through newspapers, news bulletins, and magazines of the exile press. Springing up largely after the German invasions of 1940, this press now has as many as twenty-five publications appearing regularly in the United States, while in Britain there are at least three times as many. Some of them even circulate throughout the Western Hemisphere and the British Empire, occasionally reaching North Africa.

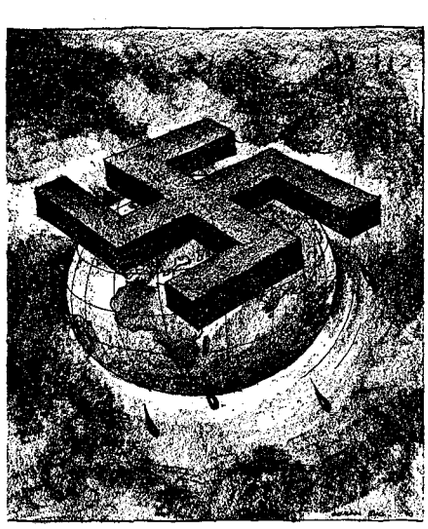
Both the governments-in-exile and the quasi-official refugee organizations have joined in this undertaking, and have mustered the financial support, sometimes through pass-the-hat techniques, to keep these publications going. All of them, of course, operate on a non-profit basis, even the ones which are able to support themselves with their advertising and circulation revenues. And in the amazing variety of the individual publications—ranging all the way from humble, mimeographed bulletins to daily newspapers and elaborately illustrated weekly and monthly magazines—there is graphic evidence of the contrasting personalities, resources, and points of view that go to make up the exile press.

But for all that it represents a colorful patchwork of different nationalities whose cultural traditions and future aspirations often clash, the exile press is in striking accord on its fundamental purposes. Briefly, these are: 1) to give refugees every available scrap of news about their homelands and to keep them informed of the activities of their governments-in-exile; 2) to keep alive Allied sympathy and, with an eye to the peace table, build up support and good-will for their various causes.

There is some difference of opinion as to which audience is more important. The governments-in-exile seem to feel that the winning of Allied goodwill is most vital. Hence, their publications are mainly of the mimeographed news bulletin variety, are usually in English, and are designed for the consumption of the influential British or American reader rather than for emigrés. The unofficial groups, on the other hand, tend to be more concerned with informing fellow countrymen. These organizations, therefore, go in for foreign language newspapers and magazines, although many of them carry supplementary English texts.

What success the exile press has had in influencing Allied readers is difficult to estimate. But for the thousands of refugees who have found sanctuary in Britain and America it has certainly proved a godsend. Strangers in strange lands, many of them are unable to understand English and rely almost completely on these publications for all their news. And even those who know English are pathetically grateful to be able to read in their own language about their homeland, no matter how heartbreaking the information.

But, whatever the audience, the major editorial emphasis is generally upon chapter and verse accounts of German atrocities along with glowing tributes to the courage of the oppressed peoples. Determination to carve a new future based upon all that was good in the past is, of course, a constantly recurring motif.



IRONICALLY, the forerunner of the exile press was a German language newspaper called *Aufbau* or *Reconstruction*. Four years ago, it was the little monthly organ of the German-Jewish Club in Manhattan; since then it has developed into a flourishing weekly newspaper with a world-wide readership well over 100,000. Even before the war, *Aufbau* had become a word of hope from Lisbon to Shanghai—wherever the first refugees from the Nazis, the German and Central-European Jews, gathered. For through *Aufbau's* "Gesucht Wird" or "Missing Persons" column, lost families and friends were often found. There might even be a notice that *Aufbau* had a precious, misdirected letter "to Kurt W— from his son in London," for example. It seems that the New York Post Office has made a practice of turning over to *Aufbau* many of the incorrectly addressed refugee letters that arrive by the thousands.

In addition to the latest information from the occupied countries, excellent weekly summaries of world news, and thoughtful editorials, *Aufbau's* twenty-eight pages cover changes in the American immigation and naturalization laws as well as labor and employment trends. There is also a business exchange column, largely for the mutual benefit of foreign businessmen above and below the Rio Grande. For *Aufbau* was certainly the first, and may still be the only, anti-Nazi German language paper to go into Latin America on a big scale. That its efforts have borne fruit was indicated as early as 1940 when an important German in Santiago told Nelson Rockefeller's Committee on Inter-American Affairs that *Aufbau* was proving a vital influence for Pan-Americanism among the many German-speaking people in Chile.

Most of the credit for *Aufbau's* accomplishments must go to little, dy-

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namic Manfred George, himself a German-Jewish refugee. Hounded by the Nazis, first from Berlin where he was one of the editors of the Ullstein Press, then from Prague where he had built up the *Jüdische Revue,* George landed in Manhattan in 1939. He was on his way to Hollywood, where friends had invited him to try his luck in pictures, when the German-Jewish Club in New York corralled him. Would he take over the editorship of their little monthly sheet, *Aufbau,* which was fast becoming the unofficial organ of German-speaking refugees?

George dismissed his Hollywood ideas and for a token salary set about making the paper an international voice of "Reconstruction" for refugees. In 1940, he had an advisory board boasting such names as Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger, Louis Adamic, Franz Werfel, and Emil Ludwig. George also went to work on the organization itself and plowed back into it most of *Aufbau's* mounting advertising revenue. Now known as the New World Club, it has become a rallying point for refugees, helps them to find jobs and orient themselves.

A passionate enthusiasm of Manfred George is to promote the Americanization of emigrés. To get them to learn the language, he sprinkles English headlines and articles throughout *Aufbau.* Two years ago he sponsored the compilation of a 192-page *Aufbau Almanac*—a down-to-earth guide to American life which includes everything from a handy glossary of slang to a review of the Constitution and the school system. In recent months, George, through *Aufbau,* has been urging refugees to unearth European maps, pictures, and any other items of possible value to the United Nations. The Office of Strategic Services, which gathers information for the Army, is using some of this material.

The French emigré press is as diffuse and variegated as the opinions of the different French refugee groups, but all of the publications breathe a profound love for France. New York now has two competing French weeklies: the well-known *Pour la Victoire,* published by the celebrated French journalist Geneviève Tabouis; and the new *France-Amérique,* put out by the American segment of the Fighting French. The latter newspaper made its appearance last month, "to fill an urgent need for an organ wholeheartedly devoted to the cause of Fighting France."

The editors of *France-Amérique* are Henri Torres, formerly editor of the Paris daily *L'Oeuvre* and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Emile Buré who used to publish the paper *L'Ordre.* A lively eight-page newspaper, *France-Amérique,* lashes out at all Frenchmen who do not support General de Gaulle, heaps biting Gallic ridicule upon Vichy. In a recent article headed "La Tradition Oratoire chez les Maréchaux," it described as *inoubliables* these remarks of Pétain to the Association of French mayors:

> *J'ai toujours aimé maires. J'en ai beaucoup connu au cours de ma carrière . . . Je n'ai rien eu a reprocher aux maires . . .*"

France-Amérique carries an English logotype, "Fighting French for Democracy," but makes little concession to its non-French readers other than to print occasional English texts for its more humorous features.

Mme. Tabouis's *Pour la Victoire,* an independent venture started in January 1942, now has a circulation of 27,000 and has readers in North and South America, Canada, England, and even North Africa. It goes in for signed political analyses by Mme. Tabouis, by the former French deputy Henri de Kerillis, by Michel Pobers and other French exiles. Although the lady has claimed that "we love" the Fighting French, she recently ran the following statement in the paper's regular English supplement:

> The Nazi debacle has served to vindicate and strengthen the policy of unity. All our forces have to be joined together . . . [as in] the "Sacred Union" of the last war when monarchists, anarchists and socialists, extremists and moderates, fought together against the common enemy, although they reasserted their political independence afterwards. Yet there are those in America who claim that the struggle should be conducted today on a narrow political basis.

Mme. Tabouis plans to continue *Pour la Victoire* after the war as the American weekly edition of a Parisian daily she hopes to launch.

Until the advent of *France-Amérique,* the only De Gaullist organ in the United States was the fortnightly bulletin, *Free France,* published by the Free French Press and Information Service. Printed in English, it contains telegraphic news capsules on Fighting French activities along with excerpts on the French underground and the depravities of Vichy, culled from the French exile press in London.

With the Fighting French headquarters in London and with thousands of French refugees living in England, French publications have really mushroomed there. The Association of French in Great Britain has a tabloid-size daily paper called *France.* And the Fighting French have a six-page weekly paper, *La Marseillaise.* Both give astonishingly adequate coverage of world news, with special attention to the goings-on in occupied countries.

There are at least four outstanding

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVI, No. 29, July 17, 1943. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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French magazines published in London. One is *Entente,* whose avowed purpose is to cement Anglo-French friendship; it claims to be the only monthly carrying a complete French and English text side by side. Another is a Fighting French newsmagazine, *La Lettre de La France Combattante,* which has both a French and English edition. It has a breadth of view rising above political bickering as the following excerpt from a recent editorial indicates:

> Most Fighting Frenchmen are in France, not in Africa or Britain. . . . [They] do not wear uniforms but they fight and die in the same way. . . . [They] meet the firing squads with the song of liberty on their lips . . . cheer when their homes are accidentally wrecked by the bombs of their allies . . . suffer and resist with a grim patience.

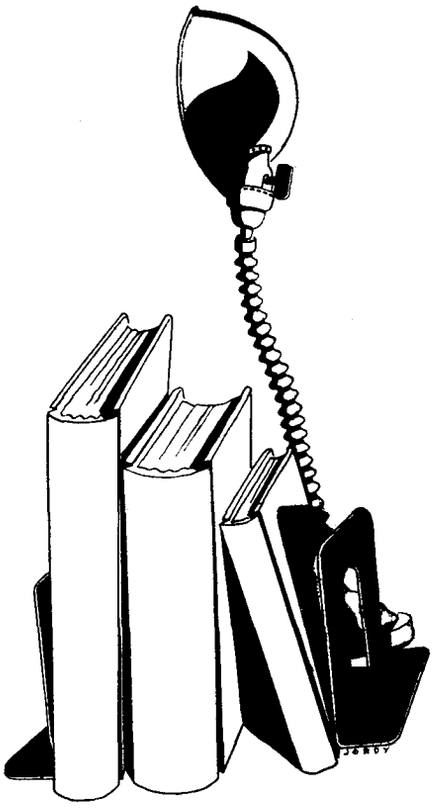
Little Belgium is exceedingly well represented through her emigré publications. In the United States, the Belgian Information Center publishes a weekly bulletin in English, *News from Belgium and the Belgian Congo,* which has a circulation of 118,000, mainly in the isolationist Midwest. One reason for this large following may be the razor-edged editorials of the bulletin's editor, sardonic Albert Jan-Goris, poet, historian, and Belgian Commissioner of Information. Here is a bit from a typical editorial in the April 24 issue:

> The main dogma boosted by Hitler is that propaganda must be based on lies, big lies. . . . One of these days he will once more overstep the mark, for he no doubt will want to make people believe that he is a gentleman!

The Belgians also have a two-year-old monthly magazine, *Belgium,* published by the Belgian Press Association and subsidized by the government-in-exile. It is in English and includes very readable articles on Belgian culture and history, along with accounts of occupied Belgium.

In Britain, the Belgians have *La Belgique Independante,* a weekly paper in French with a notable column detailing all phases of life under the Germans. There are also a weekly in Flemish and four monthly magazines. One, *Message,* is a literary review with articles, in both English and French, on such provocative subjects as "How Will Germany Pay?" and "Methods and Aims of German Propaganda in Belgium." Another monthly, called *Marine,* is for Belgian sailors and appears to be only in French; but, when turned upside down, it proves to have a Flemish text as well.

The official Dutch voice in this country is the lively *Netherlands News,* designed, according to its editor, Joseph



W. F. Stolpleman, "not so much to enlighten the general public as for commentators and newsmen." The succinct stories on the fate of the Dutch Empire should certainly hold the attention of average readers, however. There is also *The Knickerbocker Weekly,* an attractive magazine backed by a group of Dutch business concerns. It now has a paid circulation of 10,000, goes to the Americas, the British Empire, and even to Holland through a secret pony edition. Among its contributors are Hendrik Willem van Loon and Paul de Kruif.

Abroad, the Netherlanders have *Vrij Nederland,* a weekly newspaper in Dutch, and a weekly bulletin, the *Netherland News Digest.* They also get out a fortnightly sheet for their merchant seamen.

News of Norway, a weekly bulletin from the government information service, is reminiscent of a small-town newspaper. In chatty, matter-of-fact style, it presents a vivid picture of what the Germans are doing in Norway, gives the names of both victims and traitors. Excerpts:

> Willy Bull, arrested in the fall of 1942, is reported dead in a concentration camp in Germany due to a hemorrhage; Bull is survived by his wife and an infant child. . . . The wife of Propaganda Minister Fuglesang visited a clairvoyant in Oslo and was told her husband would die in exile; Fuglesang became so angry upon hearing that that he ordered the seeress arrested.

Norway also has several other publications in Norwegian, among them *Norsk Tidend,* a newspaper published twice a week in London.

The Poles, the Danes, the Greeks, the Czechs, the Yugoslavs, even little Luxembourg, all publish regular news bulletins in the United States. And, like the others, they have more complete representation abroad. The Greeks, for instance, have a weekly newspaper in London called *Hellas,* containing both English and Greek texts.

All these multifarious publishing efforts of the refugee groups have been brought together by Manhattan's Inter-Allied Information Center which desperately tries to keep up with the growing flood of bulletins, periodicals, and papers. But it is adding its own bit to this literary tide with its monthly publication, *The Inter-Allied Review,* which provides a regular summary of the documents on the Allied struggle for freedom.

In the occupied countries, of course, a grimmer counterpart of this publishing activity is being carried on in dank cellars, in musty barns, in any hideout which will conceal a hand printing press from the omnipresent Germans. One of the best accounts to date of the heroic work of the underground press is given in Vincent Browne's book, "Europe's Free Press," published in London by Feature Books, Ltd. In spite of certain torture and death meted out to anyone connected with it, the underground press has grown to astonishing proportions everywhere throughout Europe. Poland alone has one hundred and fifty secret papers, many of them now in their third year. France is known to have at least thirty. Belgium an equal number, and Denmark twenty-four.

Because every underground paper is a blow against Nazi propaganda and an invaluable stimulus to the will to resist, the Allies have done everything in their power to help these valiant journalists, even to the extent of dropping little camouflaged hand presses from planes. That they are sorely needed is indicated by Mr. Browne's account of how the first issue of the French paper *Valmy* had to be printed by hand with a child's rubber printing set. After working on fifty copies, one of the editors lost his eyesight.

If the exile press gives a detailed indictment of German guilt, the underground press provides living history. And whether either of them leave any lasting impression on contemporary journalism or the art of pamphleteering, one thing is certain: the pages of these publications can leave little doubt in the minds of future historians and posterity at large as to the real "accomplishments" of the New Order and what they merit in return.

Marjorie Taggart White is managing editor of Tide *magazine.*

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The Making of a Civilized Future

TOWARDS AN ABIDING PEACE. By R. M. MacIver. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 195 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

JUSTLY or unjustly the modern social scientist has been accused many times of too great preoccupation with analysis and measurement and of too infrequent interest in synthesis and solution. Professor Robert M. MacIver of Columbia University, the author of several standard texts in sociology, a social philosopher as well as an excellent sociologist, has risen to this challenge in this provocative little book. MacIver's studies of social problems have left him with a firm faith in democracy and in the potentialities of peoples. He dedicates his book to the cause of an abiding peace in "combination of faith and perception."

In less than two hundred pages he points out certain changes in basic attitudes that must be achieved; he states the broad general principles of an abiding peace; and he sets up a specific framework for an international order. A reading public almost saturated with the torrent of books on peace and the post-war problems will find here much that is familiar. They will find also specific differences from other plans that have been widely hailed—Union Now, the Culbertson Plan, etc.

Historically there have been many attempts to insure peace through international coöperation. From Hugo Grotius to Woodrow Wilson the modern political philosopher has groped for some scheme to end the horrors of war. Each individual thinker has added something new to the solution of the problem, and only the pseudo-realists, the geopoliticians, and other incurable cynics believe that it cannot be achieved. Professor MacIver emphasizes the "psychological price" of peace, which the price of victory does not cover. Exalted national sentiment has stood too long in the way of wholesome international coöperation.

Peoples and nations must be prepared to surrender some degree of that puzzling thing called sovereignty which has been so jealously guarded in the past. The author, who is familiar with social psychology, knows that this will be difficult. But "if we are to have an enduring peace we cannot allow every state or any state to act as though it were independent and absolute in determining its relation to others." He sees this national sentiment based on the law of community, the sense of a man's belonging "in some one precious union with his fellows." Unfortunately

Professor MacIver wants a post-war world where each nation can have a government of its own choosing.

this sense of unity has been perverted by false doctrine into a separateness from other nations.

MacIver challenges other widely-held notions of the day. He denies that to fight Germany successfully we must accept the "nation of devils" theory. He warns that after the war there must be no sweeping indemnities. He rejects the current proposals that we must impose international democracy on the vanquished, else we destroy its spirit. After the war he would not have us send a corps of educators to Germany, Italy, and Japan to counteract the indoctrination to which their youth have been subjected. He believes that the revolution from such propaganda would react favorably to the old. He would not set up a world organization limited only to the democratic nations. "If we are to have a world organization—and we badly need one—it must embrace all nations, under a charter that guarantees a few absolutely fundamental rights but otherwise leaves every nation free to choose the kind of government it prefers."

Many of the features of the international system which the author charts in this book will remind the reader of the League of Nations and of other devices which never got beyond the blueprint stage. Its most novel feature is the International Equity Commission, a panel of eleven persons, drawn from the great areal division which he sets up. "Its sole task would be to explore conditions and to submit proposals." Its function can best be hinted at by the author's statement that "to it belongs the supreme mission of demonstrating that human reason, ingenuity, and goodwill, under the guidance of the spirit of equity, is capable of solving the problems of the relations of the greater groupings of mankind when otherwise they would erupt into the catastrophic violence of world war."

His last chapter on the peculiar role of the United States indicates the difficulties that must be met, the lack of unity, the selfish tariffs, etc. But he insists that the United States, standing as it does in principle half-way between Britain and Soviet Russia with special freedom from the historical differences that have embroiled Europe, must accept the leadership in devising and inviting peace.

The book is an extremely valuable contribution to the growing stockpile of thought and ideas from which must be drawn the intellectual material of a decent world.

The Cartographical Record

THE WAR IN MAPS. Text by Francis Brown, Maps by Emil Herlin. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 167 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

EFFORTS to write a history of the war while it is still in progress—of any war—suffer from the congenital defect that it is almost impossible to separate the trivial from the important until all the returns are in. But there is one exception; that part of the course of events which can be shown in maps is seldom in doubt. In a war which contains so many movements and recessions as the present one, in a war so much determined by the mere possession of geographical resources this is peculiarly true. The artists and author who have prepared this volume have wisely avoided any attempt to do more than let the geographical story tell itself without the intervention of casualty figures or judgments on the success of various campaigns. Their maps are clear, not too cluttered by detail; their footnotes are eliminated, and the combination presents probably the best overall view of the conflict that could be produced while it is still in progress. That both were originally prepared for the stately *New York Times* is an advantage rather than a drawback.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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Marginal Notes on a Fighting Ally

RUSSIA FIGHTS. By James E. Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 276 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THERE are no sensational revelations about Russia in these anecdotal marginal notes on the Russia of today. James Brown, correspondent for the news agency INS, knows the country well, is familiar with the changes that the all-devouring struggle against Germany has brought, and what is more important, is able to convey to the reader a true picture of the Soviet Union. The single chapters of the volume are loosely connected, the tone is conversational, and no attempt is made to systematize the findings. But this very unpretentiousness makes Mr. Brown's report the more interesting. There are many little things not known to the general public which he describes with clarity and understanding. He has a profound and well-founded respect for the sacrifices the Russian people are making in order to stem the Nazi onslaught. He leaves no doubt that the American people do not realize sufficiently that the Russians are fighting with us and for us.

Out of the many stories, anecdotes, and sidelights which he gives, three facts emerge clearly: Russia is tough; Russia is deep in this war, and Russia has done more than any other country to whittle down the strength of our No. 1 enemy, the Nazis. At this date of the war, all ideological prejudices against the political system of the Soviet Union must be put aside—or the war effort is hampered, dangerously hampered. The author does not try to disguise the attitude of the Soviet government towards us. He depicts the life-and-death struggle of the Russian people and shows how its man- and woman-power is utilized to the last ounce of strength in order to fight against the invader. Germany has, roughly speaking, 218 divisions on Russian soil. Mr. Brown makes it very clear that a nation that is fighting the toughest war of her history cannot be expected to be overly lenient towards her allies who are confronted with fewer enemy divisions.

Mr. Brown reports many incidents which the censorship did not pass formerly: Mr. Churchill's not too successful visit to Stalin, the distrust of many newspapermen of Wendell Willkie's visit, and how this distrust disappeared as a result of Mr. Willkie's honest intentions and obvious seriousness. Mr. Brown describes many details which will make the orthodox Stalinist squirm a bit: the bleakness of social life in Moscow; the all too efficient political policing which the government still deems necessary; the people's ignorance of things and countries outside of the Soviet Union; the appalling monotony of the official press and the constant praising of the regime—in short the regimented life which seems dull and grey to any open-minded American.

There are several allusions to the still mysterious purge and the executions of Radek, Bucharin, Tukhachevsky, etc., but here Mr. Brown avoids—maybe too carefully—any comment, any opinion. One regrets his reluctance because he seems to know a great deal more than he says. He talks freely, however, about General Bluecher and his Siberian army, and how this general was, for quite a time, a threat to Stalin. Equally interesting is Brown's account of the Stalingrad victory. He gives the inside story of how General Chuikow carried out the "never surrender" order of General Konstantin Rokossovsky. It is to the latter, a graduate of the Frunze Academy like all the other young Russian generals, that the author gives a lot of credit for the victory, born out of the most exasperating adversities.

The might of the Russian Air Force which helped a great deal in Stalingrad seems to be quite obvious, and one wonders how some American aviation "experts" arrived at their much-publicized conclusions. But, as Mr. Brown points out occasionally, very few people are able to judge anything Russian objectively. He remarks dryly that among the few correspondents in Russia there were the two types of bore: the ones who thought everything Russian was awful and gave long lectures on it, and the others who thought everything Russian was perfect and gave long lectures, too.

In view of the confused feeling which is rampant today in America, Mr. Brown's marginal notes on Russia deserve a wide audience. He has a sharp eye and an easy way with the reader. What is more important, he also has a good sense of balance and is never blinded by his feelings. His first chapter, in addition, is an excellent piece of prose. The convoy to Murmansk and its men are brought to life in a short chapter of fourteen pages. These pages should be read by everyone who still harbors the popular illusion that this war will be easy, and that it will be over soon—simply because the Yanks are coming again.

—*Sovfoto*

Russian soldiers who have broken into the outskirts of a village occupied by the Germans are firing at the enemy's emplacements. This action took place in the Kharkov sector.

Film Shorts from Books

A series of newsreel shorts, dramatizing scenes from important books about the war, will be produced and released to motion-picture theatres early this summer, under an arrangement made by the Council on Books in Wartime with Film Distributors, Inc. The series will bear the title "Books in the War." The first release to be put on the screen by the Council will be based on "Into the Valley", by John Hersey, one of the "Imperative" books chosen by the Council's War Book Panel.

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The Diary of Philip Fithian

JOURNAL AND LETTERS OF PHILIP VICKERS FITHIAN, 1773-1774: *A Plantation Tutor of the Old Dominion. Edited, with an introduction, by Hunter Dickinson Farish. Williamsburg, Va.: Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated.* 1943. 323 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

"I AM situated in the *Northern-Neck,* in a most delightful country; in a civil, polite neighborhood; and in a family remarkable for regularity, and economy, though confessedly of the highest quality and greatest worth of any in *Virginia.*" So wrote Philip Fithian, twenty-six-year-old graduate of Princeton, on November 2, 1773, from the home of Robert Carter, one of the wealthiest of Virginia grandees. His duties were the teaching of Latin and Greek to Mr. Carter's eldest son, a lad of seventeen, writing and arithmetic to the two younger boys, and writing and English to the four "young misses" of the family. Fithian was pious, sociable, and observant. Anxious to improve himself in every way, for he looked forward to marrying his beloved Elizabeth in New Jersey and entering the Presbyterian ministry there, he kept a journal. For a full year, from November of 1773 to the same month in 1774, he let scarcely a day pass without an entry. The product of his industry is the best picture we have of an aristocratic plantation home in Tidewater Virginia during the "golden age" of that colony, the decades immediately preceding the Revolution.

The diary brings before us Robert Carter himself (grandson of the "King" Carter who had acquired estates totalling some 333,000 acres), a scholarly, public-spirited man with an "overflowing library" of which Fithian made a catalogue; Mrs. Carter, a charming and cultivated matron, fond of music, company, and gardening; and the youngsters, one a "boy of genius" but several others sad trials. It pictures Nomini Hall, Carter's large mansion near the junction of the Nomini and Potomac Rivers, with a ballroom thirty feet long and enough outbuildings for a village. It describes the amusements of the gentry: tremendous dinners, concerts, balls, hunts, cockfights, and conversaziones. It throws light on the plantation economy and the management of the slaves, Fithian was shocked by the cruelties to which some men subjected their Negroes, and by the fact that even Carter, who was reckoned generous, allowed them but a peck of corn and a pound of meat apiece weekly. It shows the social changes under way; the grumbling of the Anglicans, for example, over the growing influence of the Baptists, who were "quite destroying pleasure in the country," for they banished gaming, dancing, and Sabbath diversions entirely. Nor is politics omitted. Fithian

was struck, at a dance in Carter's house, by the fact that some of the guests spent their time toasting "the Sons of America," while others were "singing 'Liberty Songs,' as they called them, in which six, eight, ten, or more would put their heads near together and roar."

Altogether, this is an invaluable book for students of life in the Southern colonies, and a most entertaining volume for the amateur lover of Americana. The editors of the Williamsburg Restoration Historical Studies are to be congratulated upon giving us the first satisfactory edition of the work. An earlier and incomplete version of the diary, published in 1900, is long since out of print. This handsome book presents the journal in full—and there is none of it that we would spare. It includes Fithian's catalogue of the Carter Library, and a number of interesting letters by the tutor to his old New Jersey friends; and it is enriched by an admirable introduction from the pen of Mr. Farish. He gives us a compressed and pleasing essay on the Old Dominion in the days of Robert Carter, an essay which is at fault only for failing to note some of those darker aspects of life which did not escape Fithian's eye. On the whole, the task of compilation and editing could not be better done. This is a type of book that would do credit to any commercial publisher and bring a fair monetary return—but that, alas, commercial publishers nearly always leave to the endowed presses.

Your Literary I. Q

By Howard Collins

THE POETS ON CLOUDS

Miss Harriet A. Tomson, of Topeka, Kansas, is the author of this week's quiz. How many of the following quotations about clouds can you completely identify by naming both the poet and the poem? From 7 to 9 correct answers is par, 10 to 12 is good, and 13 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 22.

1. And the rain poured down from one black cloud.
2. You could not see a cloud, because
   No cloud was in the sky. . . .
3. . . . the wind came out of the cloud by night.
   Chilling and killing. . . .
4. And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying. . . .
5. While barred clouds bloom on the soft-dying day
   And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue. . . .
6. . . . behold the wandering moon. . . .
   Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
7. . . . mid the steep sky's commotion
   Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed. .
8. I wandered lonely as a cloud
   That floats on high o'er vale and hills. . . .
9. There's a silver lining
   Through the dark clouds shining.
10. Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
    In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake. . . .
11. The flying cloud, the frosty light. . . .
12. An awful tempest mashed the air,
    The clouds were gaunt and few. . . .
13. And the shadows on soft white cloud-peaks
    That carrolling skylarks throw. . . .
14. The pools and rivers wash so clean
    The trees and clouds and air. . . .
15. But there is a cloud over the beech tree,
    A quenching cloud for lemon-livered suns.

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Beethoven and His Music

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF BEETHOVEN. By John N. Burk. New York: Random House. 1943. 483 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS MOORE

IT takes courage and a good excuse to write a biography of Beethoven today. The extraordinary work of the American, Alexander Thayer, first published in German but in recent years made available in retranslation by H. E. Krehbiel leaves few openings for further discoveries or interpretations of the essential facts.

So long as Beethoven maintains his position as the most admired composer of all times there will of course be new books about him, but these are generally of a specialized nature, concerned with details such as the deafness or the identity of the "Immortal Beloved." The rest are frankly subjective interpretations with catch titles, "Beethoven, the Search for Reality," "Beethoven, the Man Who Freed Music," "The Unconscious Beethoven," "Beethoven the Creator," etc.

Now Mr. John N. Burk, program annotator of the Boston Symphony comes forward rather disarmingly with a short biography entitled "The Life and Works of Beethoven" which makes no claim to new facts, theories, or interpretations but is simply another biography. It is, however, an excellent one, which with an absorbingly interesting account of the composer's life, a complete listing of the works, many of them described in detail, and a guide to available phonograph records should prove useful and popular.

Mr. Burk has naturally leaned heavily upon the Thayer biography for the account of Beethoven's life but he shows familiarity with many of the more recent books in the discussion of various matters of a controversial nature. There is no bibliograhpy included—possibly to avoid alarm to the general reader who is expected to shy off from scholarly manifestations, but this is an unfortunate decision. The type of reader who will enjoy Mr. Burk's sober narrative would hardly be dismayed by a list of books, and its omission detracts from the usefulness of the volume as a classroom text.

The analyses of the works are what one would expect from the practised hand of the program annotator, smooth and velvety, arousing the curiosity, and including as much discussion of the musical content and structure as the layman can assimilate without bogging down in technical phraseology. Mr. Burk undoubtedly knows and loves the music and gives one a sense of its magnificence without oratorical display. I found the discussion of the sonatas and the quartets somewhat more interesting than that of the symphonies but in his professional capacity he probably approached them with a fresher eye. It must be over-familiarity that causes him to refer to the "lilting measures" of the scherzo of the Fifth Symphony and to the "long and meandering" introduction to the Second Symphony.

There are unfortunately proofreader's errors which should be corrected. For example the time values are wrong in the quotation of the theme from the F minor quartet and there is a mistaken F clef in the continuation of the theme from the Sonata opus 110. Also the goatlike spelling of *a cappella* rears its ugly head upon page 212. These are almost unfair to mention in a carefully written and accurate text.

The best feature of the book, apart from its convenient size and arrangement, is the understanding which the author brings to Beethoven both as a man and as a composer. He does not

John N. Burk

gloss over the failings and faults of character, neither does he relish them. He manages to give a truthful account without impairing the sense of essential greatness. Both the clinical and the adulatory points of view are happily absent. As an introduction to the study of the man and his music, Mr. Burk's biography is highly to be recommended.

Episodes in the Life of Hume

THE FORGOTTEN HUME. Le Bon David. By Ernest Campbell Mossner. New York: Columbia University Press. 1943. *xv plus* 251 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FREDERIC DREW BOND

THE title of this book appears at first surprising. For probably no name is better known to readers in philosophy than Hume's. But Dr. Mossner explains that his object is to "revitalize" the philosopher by observing him "as friend and as foe, as critic and as patron, as man and as Scot." A picture is given of Hume as deeply rooted in Scotland's eighteenth century, the protagonist of Edinburgh's claim to intellectual and litterary parity with London, a member of the northern coterie which included such diverse characters as Adam Smith, Hugh Blair (the rhetorician), Joseph Black (the discoverer of latent heat), William Robertson (the historian), Lord Monboddo (afterwards the precursor of Darwin), and some score others, literary men, lawyers, a few scientists and a few clergymen. At the outset, issue is thus taken with Carlyle's view that Hume was a man without national affiliations.

The work, which is prefixed with Hume's short autobiographical sketch, deals with six episodes in his life in some detail, and studies his relations with James Boswell and with Samuel Johnson. Hume is shown as a champion of Scottish poets, of the blind but talented Blacklock, of the considerably less talented "god-brute" William Wilkie, and as a strenuous propagandist for the still alive tragedy of John Hume; thanks largely to *le bon David,* "Douglas," after being turned down by Garrick, was triumphantly presented at the Covent Garden Theatre with the great Peg Woffington leading off.

Hume, however, was not always in the role of advocate, and during the sixties of his century was more or less involved in the controversy, once so famous, about Macpherson's "Ossian." Were "Fingal" and "Temora" two authentic epics done out of the Gaelic of the prehistoric bard? Or was Mr. Macpherson an impudent forger? Hume was skeptical, and to some extent said so; but Scottish opinion, voiced mostly by Dr. Blair, was convinced that authentic masterpieces of antiquity had been brought to light, and the adverse pamphlet which Hume wrote he saw fit to withhold from publication. It was an instance, not unique in Hume's life, of the critic versus the friend.

Another essay deals with the quarrel between Hume and Rousseau—an episode on which a large amount of

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time, research, and printer's ink has been expended, for almost two hundred years. Dr. Mossner is all for Hume, and the evidence seems to show clearly that Hume intended neither to harm nor to ridicule the author of the "Social Contract." But whether the contemporary admirers of Rousseau will be convinced is another matter.

But what was Hume himself doing all these years? Probably Dr. Mossner thinks the autobiographical sketch is sufficient information. But the question of what exactly Hume stood for becomes insistent when studying the relations between him and Samuel Johnson. Hume knew and Johnson knew; but it cannot be well supposed that the modern reader always does know, and without the knowledge the contrast is left vague. Dr. Mossner's account is just as straightforward here as elsewhere, his style just as alert and remarkably entertaining, but the main matters on which the "great Cham" and the "great Infidel" differed were matters which each felt to be supreme; and to tell the tale aright, not a little must be told of things hard to write of lightly.

For after all, Hume lives today as a great philosopher and a great theologian. His essays in economics have long since been either absorbed into the stream of knowledge or set aside; his Tory politics have interest only in the story of his life; and his "History of England" has long ago been superseded through the development of historic science. But his posthumously published "Dialogues Concerning Natural Religion" is one of the great classics of the English language, while in his direct philosophical works he stirred up problems that set aflame both the Scottish and the German philosophical thought of the century after his. Mossner's book, good as it is, would have more significance if it brought these facts definitely to the fore.

The book has a full index; there are reproductions of Allan Ramsay's portraits of Hume and of Rousseau and a copy of Hume's seal, "D. H. True to the End."

Reading for Feeding

Thirty-eight selected volumes from the Loeb Classical Library, standard work for scholars and students, are being offered at national headquarters of the Greek War Relief Association, 730 5th Avenue, New York City, through courtesy of the Harvard University Press. Net profits will go toward the work of feeding Greece.

Among those available at the publisher's price of $2.50 each will be works by Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides, Homer, Aeschylus, Plato, Aristotle, Pausanias, and Arrian.

The Broadway Bus

(Written After Reading Saroyan)

I MUST write now of bus drivers, of one bus driver, and all bus drivers who pull and swing and yank their vehicles through the cluttered streets of New York, crowds scuttling and clucking before them as they lunge around the corners. Especially that bus marked "Broadway" which you take on 6th Avenue and the bus marked "6th Avenue" which you take on Broadway. Because that's the way New York is. And that's the way it's busses are. And when you have found that out you wake laughing or crying in the night because now you know about life and how its Broadways are interchangeable with its 6th Avenues and how one bus driver is all bus drivers and how you and I are also bus drivers.

But I would write especially of him who was strong and thick and wore no hat but a fuzz of blonde baby hair on top his pink, shiny scalp and who sat over-lapping his bus driver's stool, great of heart and swift in calculation. Wonderful and good and kind as some bus drivers are kind and others not at all. And yet all essentially one.

"Broadway bus?" "Does this bus go down Broadway?"

Smiling and kind his answer to the question which the woman, poised on the step of the bus, ready to jump in or jump out, squeaked at him. Not once did he say "Look at the sign on the bus, madam. Can't you read, madam? What's the matter with you, madam?" Gently with a slow smile he told her yes. Even directed her without irritation to drop her nickel in the slot, curling up one toe inside his great shoe as he did so, which no one knew nor noticed though his mother might have if she had been there and not home playing the harp in the front parlor with Josie next door and little Ararat who was always everywhere.

—*Hans Mueller*

The bus driver's smile clung even while he careened the bus around a corner narrowly missing old Mr. Brodinsky who wouldn't have minded anyway since he was a man who knew the wonderfulness and goodness of bus drivers and would have understood that death at their hands was only a part of living. The bus driver's smile clung even while he perceived in his mirror—that mirror reflecting human life in its greatness and littleness that all bus drivers have high up in the front of the bus—the woman who did not know her way around being thrown like a kernel of popping corn up and down in the bus. That is as it should be, said the bus driver to himself, as he stopped his vehicle with a catastrophic jerk to let on a nice old thoroughly dear moron who had been drinking just the least little bit.

"Transfer, raisins in," requested the moron.

The bus driver made no reply, merely started with such a jolt that he threw the moron the full length of the bus and into the lap of a thoroughly wonderful woman in a rear seat.

"Madam, I apologize," said the moron with a hiccough.

"You needn't," said the wonderful woman. "For life is like that. I also like a drop of something."

Again the bus driver achieved a superhuman stop. Again, even while he shifted gears and got the huge vehicle into motion, lunging from one speed to another, he made change, proferred transfers, received pennies, sorted and classified all his change, and so achieved that unity and specilization in coinage that the bus company demanded. A wonderful man the bus driver. One who could answer questions cheerily, turn away wrath with a soft-spoken word, make change and pull around corners killing hardly anybody to speak of, all at one and the same time, while carrying his load of morons, women who like a drop of something, timid passengers who do not know where they are nor where they are going. Carrying all these with a smile that warms them even while it warms him and warms all bus drivers and even you and me who are also bus drivers and wonderful morons and dypsomaniacs careening along Broadway to our ultimate destination.

CLARA SAVAGE LITTLEDALE.

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The Magic Beneath the Skin

MAN IN STRUCTURE AND FUNCTION. By Fritz Kahn, M.D. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. *Two vols., xvi* + 341 *pp., xxii* + 742 + *xiv pp.* $10.

Reviewed by WENDELL J. S. KREIG, M.D.

DR. KAHN'S work is a notable attempt to provide for popular comprehension the mechanisms of the human body. Dr. Kahn does this with not only a well-proportioned and smooth text but with an unusual set of illustrations, nearly all of which are original. The latter, indeed, contribute largely to the fact that his work reaches so high a plane.

One cannot leaf through the work without feeling that the author has not only understanding but vision. Many of his drawings are so far from the merely representational as to be actually surrealistic. In some of the drawings, however, Dr. Kahn oversteps the possibilities of a picture to present a concept. It is fatuous to illustrate the effects of a cigar by depicting a brace of fresh corpses (see illus.). It is odd to represent a group of people looking at the Venus of Milo, who is upside down, to show that the retina inverts the optical image. Elaborately wrought reconstructions are used to illustrate the structure of organs, frequently to good avail, but the method is foredoomed to failure when detail is attempted in a large block of tissue which has a fine grained structure. A drawing of a microscopic section would have been better. But this is only a minor criticism.

The sequence and proportion of subjects are good. Following an initial section on the structure of matter and the development of man, which is too brief, the various organ systems are taken up: skeleton, musculature, blood-vascular system, respiratory apparatus, alimentary system, nervous system and sense organs, and finally the sexual mechanisms. Nutrition and vitamins receive special and lengthy treatment. Anatomy, physiology, and hygiene are well integrated. There is not the dryness and perfunctoriness about these expositions that these words imply, however, for the accounts are not academic descriptions, but visions. Dr. Kahn pulls no punches. One amazing fact succeeds another, and vivid analogies strike blow upon blow. The text flows smoothly and rapidly; there is no excess verbiage. The proper academic distinctions are usually made, and the material is up-to-date.

There are, however, a few errors. The human embryology is very out of date, the heart does not have the skeleton represented in figure 115, the adrenal cortex does not secrete adrenalin, the brain does not float in blood, and the account of the effective stimuli of the semicircular canals is quite wrong. Unwarranted generalizations are occasionally made, as that "Woman's chief biologic function is the bearing and raising of children, while man is destined by nature for intellectual activities," and that "only animals with a cerebrum can be trained." Occasionally illustrations are borrowed without credit being given.

Dr. Kahn has been author of popular books on human biology in the German language since 1921. The present work is a translation of the most important of these, which appeared in 1939 as *"Der Mensch GESUND AND KRANK."* The translation follows the original quite closely. Most of the figures are identical with those of the German edition, though the total number has been reduced. Most of the halftone blocks obviously have been made from the original drawings, and are clearer and more contrasting than those in the German version, though some have been photographed from the reproductions, to their detriment. Many of the illustrations had to be reworked to alter lettering, change features or costume to something less continental, or to make them more familiar to American tastes or uses, as substituting a wine glass for a beer mug. The translation has been rendered in the purest idiom, and seems to express the spirit as well as the meaning of the author. The publisher, designer, and printer have done their work well.

This work could have been executed by but few persons. The physician is usually poorly prepared, the professor is too narrow, the artist too inaccurate, the popularizer too superficial. One envies anyone ignorant of his bodily mechanisms who is reading this book.

—*From "Man in Structure and Function."*

What does poisonous mean? The concept of a poison is a relative one. A cigar is so poisonous it can kill two men.

Man vs. Mosquito

WALTER REED, Doctor in Uniform. By L. N. Wood. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1943. 272 *pp. with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

DR. WALTER REED, as almost everybody knows by this time, is the medical hero who proved that the mosquito is the carrier of the yellow fever germ, and who thus made possible not only the cleaning up of Cuba and the building of the Panama Canal, but the inoculations that are saving today the lives of hundreds of our soldiers. Certainly he merits a first-class biography.

Mrs. Wood has obviously done much careful research in the preparation of this one; the familiar story of the brave group, officers and privates, who voluntarily risked death to establish the proof of the mosquito theory is well handled, and she has spared no pains in gathering together incidents of Reed's early years. But nevertheless the book falls short of being a good adult biography. This is due partly to the fictional style, the use of imagined conversations not always convincing, and the inclusion of material that suggests an appeal to adolescent boys and girls rather than to a mature reader. And, although at its end she has told us quite a bit of the events that shaped Walter Reed's life, the man himself remains a more or less blurred figure. As collateral reading for high school students it can be recommended, but the discriminating reader of medical biography is likely to find it a disappointment.

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THE BAD OLD DAYS

AFTER the armistice of the World War and on into the thirties, the whole world reeled back with horror from the destruction and death. Writers investigated our propaganda, our economic system, our legislators, armament makers, and diplomats, and found them guilty. In England, the youth of Oxford signed the pledge never to fight for their country; here schoolboys marched in pacifist parades and scores of pacifist societies were founded to abolish war or to see that, even if the rest of the world plunged again into this hellish game, we were to stay on the sidelines. There was nourished and developed the obsession, even after the assault on Poland, that we were a law and a world unto ourselves.

This obsession was accompanied by what seemed to us to be a wisdom and a clarity that set us rigidly above and apart from previous generations. Did we not, in this cold, scientific, unsentimental mood of ours, see through the hypocrisies of the past, the slogans that had befuddled us, the traps that had been laid for a simple-minded, idealistic people? Or so we thought.

It was a magnificent obsession, to be sure, but a brittle one and a dangerous one. That much was finally hammered home to us. Yet today, only a year and a half after Pearl Harbor, we are in danger of falling into another illusion about the past, the illusion that history is not a continuous flow, but can be sharply divided into periods, bracketed between dates, the illusion that we lived in sin and hopeless confusion only the day before yesterday; but that today we are alert and pure-minded; that we were fools then and philosophers now.

It seems obvious to many writers that the years to be bracketed now as a period of unique American folly and stupidity are the two decades between the end of the First World War and the beginning of the Second. For an adult who has lived through this period, the relentless attack upon American manners, morals, and mistakes is a curious and disturbing experience. It appears that the manners were bad, the morals non-existent, the mistakes endless. We were ludicrous boors and any one of us over forty should be ashamed to continue to encumber the earth, though perhaps through purification and confession of our sins we may yet enter into grace. These books miss not one pecadillo in those twenty-three orgiastic years. To look back on them our financial system might have been invented by lunatics, our statesmen, politicians, diplomats showed no suspicion that, to quote Walter Lippmann, a foreign policy means balancing a nation's commitments against its assets. On the lighter side are the fantasies of prohibition, crime, erotomania and grotesque advertising, technocracy and share-the-wealth movements, interrupting like grotesque ballets the course of the tragic drama of our late lamented past.

Books of this nature seem to be recitals of a time divorced from the normal flow of history. Whether the writers intended to convey it or not, the reader feels that with confession we are now purged of error, have signed the pledge, and will proceed to go forward like knights of old. College boys will no longer wash down forty-two live goldfish with four glasses of chocolate soda; clergymen will no longer pray under a young man on top of a flag-pole; stock-market gambling and depression will be obliterated, and all the other oddities, minor and major, will become outworn relics of a less civilized era. Glory Hallelujah!

A book published two years ago has slowly made progress—Philip Wylie's "Generation of Vipers." A violent, unbalanced book, it attacks almost everything about America without giving that beneficent feeling that a new dawn has risen. It says that our attitude toward sex verges on madness, excoriates American mothers, medicine, business men, and statesmen. Mr. Wylie adds, of course, with the pious hope that this war may be mankind's last crusade, that we can build a new and glorious world, if we really have the will to do so, though one feels that he would have to obliterate most of the American people he has depicted so savagely—for they are the ones who will have to do the building.

Books like Mr. Wylie's are perhaps to be taken with a barrel of salt, but, to do them justice, they are perhaps healthy correctives for the starry gleam in the eyes of those Americans who are convinced that the Past is dead and their sins forgiven, as well as for those who think that there is something inevitable and automatic about an enticing and glamorous future, little realizing that they can have only what they achieve and what they deserve.

But even now the reader of the case histories of American crimes from Versailles to Pearl Harbor can conceive of the books to be written in another decade or so. Already future Philip Wylies are cataloguing juvenile crime, prostitution, disease, poverty, race riots, for another clean and noble day when whatever horrid cycle we poor deluded mortals are enduring today has come to its destined end, when we can start a new hermetically sealed cycle of history all over again and when we can say once more, "it can't happen again."

H. S.

To the Young Men

By Sara Henderson Hay

WE have done ill, I know, that the world bleeds,
That evil men are let grow up and thrive,
That in high places still corruption breeds,
And all the ancient enmities survive;
That all our pacts and councils keep the seeds
Of ruinous discord; that we still contrive
To cancel out with war our better deeds—
And yet I say we strove, I say we strive.

That we fell short, since all's to do again
In blood and anguish, none of us denies.
But he who tells you it was done in vain
And that man dies for nothing, if he dies
To mend a world so black, so sick at brain,
Believe him not. He is your foe, and lies!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Citizen Tom Paine"

SIR:—I write to protest Howard Fast's indifference to his moral responsibility in fictionizing a much libeled great man, and the presumption of reviewers in appraising that fictional portrait without having accurate knowledge of the original.

Mr. Fast is an able historical novelist and supposedly a thorough researchist. He knows, as does any modern student of Paine, that the factual record limits the imputations of "dirtiness" and "drunkenness" to the libertarian's tragic declining years. Yet to create a colorful fiction hero to his own taste, he has chosen—at a moment when the long misled American people are eager to know the real Paine—to present a Paine all but born in the sty and suckled on gin: a coarse, profane Paine, slovenly and drunken throughout his life.

And erudite reviewers of "Citizen Tom Paine" praise the lie and pass the information. "Paine was a foulmouthed filthy drunkard" is now echoing over the nation in scores of reviews unchallengingly accepting the Fast travesty as an honest character job. Your Allan Nevins finds that "the best element in Mr. Fast's book is the portrait of Paine," clearly having no inkling that that portrait is shamelessly false.

Mr. Fast might perhaps be supposed to claim his basis of fact in the self-styled biographies of Paine's vilifiers, Chalmers, Cobbett, and Cheetham. But never does Chalmers ("Oldys") speak of Paine's so much as drinking a toast until the age of fifty-four, and never at all does Chalmers make reference to untidiness. Cobbett neglects to mention either failing. Cheetham—the man successfully sued by Mrs. Bonneville for libeling Paine and herself (Cheetham was simultaneously defendant in nine other libel suits)—reserved the "dirtiness" for Paine's wretched downward years and refutes his own lone allusion to his subject's earlier "intemperance."

Drastically and awkwardly condensed, here is a summation from M. D. Conway's authoritative work: "During his life in England (1737-1774) no instance of excess was known. . . . His career in America (1774-1787) was free from any suspicion of intemperance. . . . Paine told Rickman that in Paris, when borne down by public and private affliction, he had been driven to excess. That period I have identified . . . as a few weeks in 1793, when his dearest friends were on their way to the guillotine whither he daily expected to follow them. . . . Paine, broken-hearted, sought oblivion in brandy. Recourse to such anesthetic . . . was hitherto unknown in Paine's life. He drank freely, as was the custom of his time, but with the exception of the evidence of an enemy at his trial in England, that he once saw him under the influence of wine after a dinner party (1792), which he [the witness] admitted was 'unusual,' no intimation of excess is discoverable in any contemporary record of Paine until this his fifty-seventh year. . . . After that Paine abstained altogether from spirits, and drank wine in moderation. . . . If any one can find satisfaction in the belief that Paine found no Christian in America so merciful as rum, they may perhaps discover some grounds for it in a brief period in his sixty-ninth year. . . ."

"What did I tell you, Joe . . . her laugh is like something out of Dostoievski."

As to Paine's instinctive gentlemanliness, decent appearance, and the charm of his mind and personality, the evidence is almost boundless. His strikingly fine eyes, often remarked in contemporary print, are nowhere on record as crossed or "twisted," as Mr. Fast prefers them. Fast's ugly epithetical relationship between the boy Tom and his father is hypothetical; actually there was deep love. Fast's profane Paine utters the sickening phrase, "I lick God's belly," yet he prays. The true Paine despised blasphemy, "had aversion to profanity," and considered prayer human impertinence to an all-wise God. The sex episodes in "Citizen Tom Paine" are imaginary; history labels Paine almost unbelievably continent. Franklin did not write his letter of recommendation as a cynical gamble on a vulgar, noxious, drunken stranger come to bribe him; he wrote it sincerely for a friend in whose worth he had believed for two years. Although "untutored," like Franklin, Paine was no more uneducated than was the great Philadelphian, for like Franklin he had educated himself.

It is diffiult to accept, even in fiction, that Howard Fast's bumptious, ignorant peasant, even when deodorized, could become the intimate and the frequent guest of Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Clymer, Rittenhouse, Monroe, Barlow, Romney, Tooke, Lafayette, Danton, Condorcet. . . . These men loved the Paine of flesh and blood. Yet "quite possibly," supposes one New York reviewer, "Mr. Fast has made him a slightly more sympathetic character than he actually was." "If," imparts another, "he does not call forth love and tenderness, it is because love and tenderness were eschewed by this man," meaning presumably both the Fast phantasm and the historical Paine.

Mr. Fast's Tom Paine is good enough entertainment if you can stand the stench of him. At times, in his sober moments and in the last scenes where the novelist's rum-swigging weakling merges with the beaten old man of history, we see what a monument to a forgotten man Howard Fast could have given us had he trusted his talents without trickery. Legitimately filling history's gaps, he has created some first-rate fiction scenes. This is the historical novelist's right and duty. But in tampering derogatorily with such a character as this most devoted patriot and humanitarian, Howard Fast has violated an unwritten trust, and his publishers are equally guilty.

JANET DEITRICK.

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE GERSHWIN
(September, 1898—July, 1937)

ON an oppressively hot Sunday evening six years ago, a group of people was gathered in a Bucks County remodeled farmhouse, engaged in various desultory pastimes. A spiritless bridge game was in progress in one corner of the room; a bout of cribbage in another. The host was tinkering aimlessly with the radio dials. Some of the guests were splashing about in the pool outside, although there was no moon, and the night was pitch black. The heat had everybody down. Suddenly the clear voice of a news commentator came over the air: "The man who said he had more tunes in his head than he could put down on paper in a hundred years is dead tonight in Hollywood. George Gershwin succumbed today at the age of thirty-eight."

Everybody at that party was a close personal friend of George. Two of them had collaborated with him on his brightest Broadway hits. We had seen him within the month—joshed him on his complaint of recurring headaches (he had been telling us details of his symptoms and disorders for years; nobody took them seriously) and on a front-page report that a little French picture cutie had entrusted him with a gold key to her front door. His unbelievable energy and vitality had astounded us for so long that we sat speechless at the thought that he was dead. Now six years later, his music is played so incessantly, stories about him spring so readily to mind, it is still somehow unbelievable that he is gone. Because he graduated from Tin Pan Alley, it has taken all these years to convince some critics that George Gershwin was a great composer—one of the greatest we have produced in America. Because his monumental but strangely unobjectionable conceit encouraged his friends to circulate hilarious anecdotes about him, some of them did not realize until he was dead how deeply they liked and admired him. The stories that I have gathered for this piece are set down in loving memory. George laughed at all of them himself. . . .

George Gershwin was born in Brooklyn on September 26, 1898. He was the second of four children. Ira, whose sparkling lyrics were so perfectly attuned to George's music, was the oldest. Another brother, Arthur, followed George. The youngest was their sister Frances, happily married today to Leopold Godowsky. The family moved as a unit, a mutual admiration society that was completely unaffected by temporary failure or dizzying success. Mrs. Gershwin was adored by everybody. "You must meet my mother," George would tell anybody who called. "She's the most wonderful mother in the world." On further reflection, he would frequently add "and so modest about *me!*" The father, Morris, was one of those restless souls who embarked upon a new business career every year or so; the family was always ready to pull up stakes cheerfully at a moment's notice. George once figured that he lived in twenty-seven different houses before he finished school. Gershwin père was a lovable and loquacious soul whose accent lost none of its rich and indescribable flavor as the family fortunes rose. His son "Judge" was the apple of his eye. One day after the boys had hit the jackpot he was driving down Broadway in a roadster they had given him, when a cop flagged him for ignoring a red light. "But you can't do this to me!" he expostulated. "I'm Judge Gershwin's father!" "Oh, Judge Gershwin," said the copper, visibly impressed. "Pardon me for holding you up, sir!" New gadgets fascinated him. In the early days of radio, he came to George with an excited report about a new set that he wanted to order immediately. "Judge," he declared, "on this machine you could hear Havana, London, and China clear like a bell!" "London? China?" echoed George unbelievingly. "I'll settle for Havana," replied Mr. Gershwin hastily. When Professor Einstein published his paper on the theory of relativity, George commented, "Imagine being able to put the result of twenty years' study and research into three pages!" "But I'll bet it was very small print," said Mr. Gershwin.

George Gershwin: "My people are American, my time is today."

When George was twelve, his mother bought a piano. The idea was for Ira to take lessons, but it didn't take long to discover that George was the one with music in his soul. At the High School of Commerce, he was pianist for the morning assembly exercises. At fifteen, he was a song plugger for the music publishing house of Jerome Remick. One of his chores took him to Atlantic City, where he pounded out Remick melodies at the local five and ten. Down the Boardwalk, Harry Ruby was doing a similar job for a rival outfit. At night the boys would dine together at Child's and dream of writing songs of their own.

HIS first song was published in 1916. It was called "When You Want 'Em You Can't Get 'Em," and it earned him an advance of five dollars. His next few numbers began to carry lyrics by Arthur Francis. That was brother Ira making his debut as a lyricist, using the first names of his other brother and kid sister as a pseudonym. His first real clicks came in 1919, when he did his first complete score for "La La Lucille" (remember "Nobody But You": "Billie Burke—Alice Joyce—none of them were my choice"?) and wrote a couple of numbers for the opening bill of Broadway's biggest movie palace of its time, the Capitol. One of the numbers was "Swanee," and I've heard it twice on the radio this very week.

Beginning in 1920, George wrote the music for "George White's Scandals" for five consecutive years. A few of the hits of these scores were "Drifting Along with the Tide," "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise," and "Somebody Loves Me." Most of the lyrics were contributed by Buddy De Sylva, now head man at the Paramount Studios. In those days, White was the great Ziegfeld's only serious rival. Gershwin didn't meet up with Ziegfeld himself until 1929, when he wrote the score of "Show Girl." Working with Ziegfeld was perfect training for a siege on Guadalcanal, but that's another story. After the contract with Gershwin was signed, Ziegfeld went to Carnegie Hall to hear "An American in Paris." At the symphony's completion, Otto Kahn rose and made a brief speech in which he declared

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This photograph of George and Ira Gershwin, taken in 1933, is a family portrait.

that George was well-nigh a genius. "In fact," said Kahn, "some day he will be a genius, but geniuses must suffer, and George hasn't suffered yet." Ziegfeld turned to Larry Hart, who was sitting next to him, and said, with a sly wink, "He'll suffer!" . . .

George became internationally famous in 1924, when Paul Whiteman introduced his "Rhapsody in Blue" at a concert in Aeolian Hall. By now the family was located in a private house on West 103 Street, where George worked imperturbably amidst a hubbub that suggested Grand Central Station on the eve of a Fourth of July weekend. The Rhapsody was written there in exactly three weeks; George had to meet a deadline! That year saw, too, the first of seven musical comedies produced by Aarons and Freedley, with music by George and lyrics by Ira. Five of them made Broadway history. They were, in order, "Lady Be Good," "Tip Toes," "Oh, Kay," "Funny Faces," and "Girl Crazy." They made stars of Fred and Adele Astaire, Gertrude Lawrence, Ethel Merman, and Ginger Rogers. "Fascinating Rhythm," "Do, Do, Do," "Sweet and Low Down," "Embraceable You," "I Got Rhythm," and a dozen other wonderful songs followed one another in dizzy succession. In addition, "Of Thee I Sing," written with George Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, won the Pulitzer Prize in 1932. George moved to a Riverside Drive penthouse, which became headquarters for a series of wondrous Sunday evening delicatessen suppers that featured Barney Greengrass's sturgeon and attracted the greatest wits and socialites of the town. That's when the Gershwin saga really started. George, who loved to play the piano for hours on end, and naively —also justifiably—took it for granted that nobody wanted to hear anything but his own music, would finally suspend operations to seek refreshments. His place would be taken by a surly young man who played George's music just as well as the composer. His name was Oscar Levant.

Oscar likes to tell the story of the night he and George journeyed to Pittsburgh to play with the symphony orchestra there. George took it for granted that the lower berth of the compartment was his proper due. Before turning out the light, Oscar peered over the edges of the upper to see George sprawled complacently below, puffing on a huge cigar. "Do you know what this picture represents?" said George pleasantly, when he spied Oscar's face. "It's the difference be-

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—N Y *Times Book Review*

"A notable novel of life in a Shaker community. The strange ways of Shaker living are made real by a remarkable power of characterization, vivid and convincing, as individuals react upon each other"—St. Louis *Globe Democrat*

Dancing Saints

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talent and genius!" One day, George, Ira, and I journeyed Baker Field to see a Columbia-football game. We were late, and I weaved in and out of the trolley poles on Sedgwick Avenue rather recklessly. "For God's sake, be careful!" cautioned George. "You've got *Gershwin* in the car!"

George loved to go to parties, and thought nothing of playing the entire score of a forthcoming musical for his friends. This practice irked his canny collaborator, George Kaufman. "If you play that score one more time before we open," Kaufman once told him, "people are going to think it's a revival." Kaufman also deplored Gershwin's genial habit of inviting everybody he met to sit in on rehearsals. Kaufman left one run-through with a deep scowl. "It's going to be a prize flop," he predicted. "What makes you say that? I thought it went beautifully," protested Gershwin. "Not at all," grumbled Kaufman. "The balcony was only half filled!"

I ACCOMPANIED George on some wonderful vacation trips. They were a succession of hilarious adventures and beautiful girls. He banged out the Rhapsody once in the parlor of the Colonial Hotel in Nassau at seven in the morning to please a girl he had met on the boat, and was indignant when the manager made him stop. "I guess he didn't know I was Gershwin," he consoled himself. In Havana, a sixteen-piece rhumba band serenaded him en masse at four in the morning outside his room at the old Almendares Hotel. Several outraged patrons left the next morning. George was so flattered that he promised to write a rhumba of his own. He did, too. His "Cuban Overture" was played for the first time at the Lewisohn Stadium in August, 1932. In Havana George reached his greatest height of indignation. A lovely Cuban miss failed to keep a luncheon date with him. Later that afternoon he spied her on the Yacht Club terrace, and exclaimed, "Hey, do you know that you stood me up today?" "Oh, I meant to phone and tell you I couldn't meet you," said the contrite maiden, "but do you know something? I simply couldn't think of your name!" George didn't recover for days. . . . He reserved one unpublished little waltz tune for affairs of the heart. "You're the kind of girl who makes me feel like composing a song," he would tell the enraptured lady of the moment, and lead her off to his suite. We would follow on tiptoe to hear him compose the familiar tune for her. "It will be dedicated to you," he would conclude soulfully. One day, I happened to remark that the score of one of his infrequent failures, "Pardon My English," was below par. George demurred. All of us were sun bathing in the nude; George insisted that we all go inside while he proved his point by going through the score from opening chorus to finale. I can still see him sitting at the piano, stark naked, playing the songs and singing them, too, at the top of his voice. George belonged at a piano. I have never seen a man happier, more bursting with the sheer joy of living, than George when he was playing his songs. He would improvise and introduce subtle variations, and chuckle with child-like delight when his audience exclaimed over them.

The work that George Gershwin loved best was "Porgy and Bess." He composed it in eleven months and orchestrated it in nine. Its initial production by the Guild in 1935, a bit too stuffy and pretentious, was only moderately successful. When it was revived seven years later, it really came into its own, and its songs seem destined to become part of America's richest musical heritage; the tragedy is that George wasn't living to see that come to pass.

George moved to Hollywood in 1936. He wrote the music for the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture "Shall We Dance?", which included one of his best songs ("Oh, No, You Can't Take That Away From Me") and "A Damsel in Distress." He was working on the Goldwyn Follies when he was stricken by a brain tumor.

The last years of Gershwin's life were almost equally divided between composing and painting. George took his painting very seriously, and indeed had a genuine talent for it. At a memorable dinner one evening he said, "A man told me today that I need never write another note; I could make a fortune with my palette and brush!" "Isn't it amazing," said one awed lady, "that one man should possess a genius for two of the arts!" "Oh, I don't know," said George modestly. "Look at Leonardo da Vinci!" At another dinner, apropos of nothing, George suddenly said, "Has anybody here seen my new cigarette case?" It was solid gold, and inscribed thereon were facsimile signatures of a score of famous men. It had been presented to him after a performance of his Concerto in F. The case was passed clear around the table. As George was putting it back into his pocket, his brother Ira produced a crumpled pack of Camels. "Anybody want a cigarette?" he inquired pleasantly.

BUT Ira, like everybody else who knew him well, adored George Gershwin. After his death, Ira wrote practically nothing for years. That he had lost none of his talent he proved, however, with the lyrics for "Lady in the Dark." Now he is going to work on the screen biography of George Gershwin. The title role has not yet been filled, but Oscar Levant will play himself in the film.

George Gershwin expressed his credo in these words: "My people are American, my time is today. Music must repeat the thought and aspirations of the times." Six years after his death, his exciting songs are played more frequently than they were during his lifetime. One critic recently remarked, "George Gershwin brought to serious consideration a new idiom in American music, and forever changed its future direction." Last Tuesday twenty thousand people gathered in New York to hear a program dedicated to his memory. As the first familiar strains of the Rhapsody in Blue hushed the expectant audience, it was hard to believe that the composer had been dead for over six years. It seemed like yesterday that he had sat beside me in Cuba, listening to the same composition on the radio, and saying, "It *is* great, isn't it? But wait till you hear the one I'm working on now!"

BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 4

A cyptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. "B" for instance may stand for "E" and "M" for "I." The experienced cryptographer seeks first to spot the vowels, and looks for letters that recur frequently to give him his clue. The solution to Crypt No. 4 will be found in the next issue.

EHIIWTRHZNWZEWT MIW GFYW TQMGG EGHBXWT VWLHIW BXW FZSWZBFHZ HL TJTRWZNWIT; FB FT FQRHTTFVGW BH YWWR BXWQ JR.

TUNZWU TQFBX—

"GWBBWIT BH QIT EIHCW."

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 3

BABIES HAVEN'T ANY HAIR:
OLD MEN'S HEADS ARE JUST AS BARE;—
BETWEEN THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE
LIES A HAIRCUT AND A SHAVE.

SAMUEL HOFFENSTIEN—
"SONG OF FAITH IN THE YEAR AFTER NEXT."

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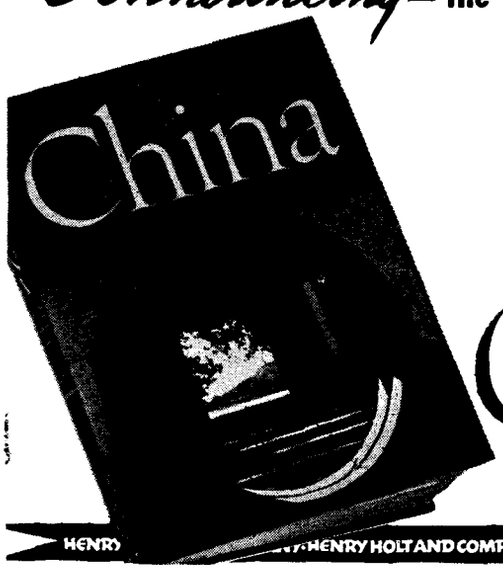

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China

Text by Kwok Ying Fung
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Two in the trap and one nibblin'!

"Selling cemetery lots, you've got to have a grim sort of humour. It takes men's minds off the main point. I knew an undertaker once who used to play end man in our amateur minstrel shows. He played the bones — said it sort of fitted his profession. Dad met him downtown one day. 'Hello, George,' said Dad. 'How's business?' George thought for a moment. 'Well, Bill,' he said, 'it seems like it was on the upturn. I got two in the trap and one nibblin'.'"

"Two in the trap and one nibblin," is the way we feel about Harry Persons Taber's delightful new book, EZRA AND ME. Sales have been pretty good so far, but not nearly so good as the book deserves. Highly good-humored, and still profound, it's filled with the anecdotes of a lively and lovable man . . . the sort of man who talks things over with the skeleton in his closet — to their mutual advantage.

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Small Bend of a Great River

HEAVEN IS A SUNSWEPT HILL. By Earl Guy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 220 *pp.* $2.50

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

"HEAVEN Is a Sunswept Hill" is a beautiful title, in this case poignant and wistful, and the book that follows the title is an honest, four-square, well-done novel, with an important and consistent thesis, considerable drama, characters clearly outlined, and much good writing.

The people of the novel are the farmers of the Lower Mississippi, in particular young Sam Drindle, his wife, Matty, thin and good-looking, and their two little daughters, Ione and Dorina. The villain, at least once a year loose on its terrific errands, is the Mississippi, and the story which occupies only a few days of the spring floods is classic in its intention to show man, small but unconquerable, at war with his ceaseless and unseeing enemies, the gods, or, as we moderns like to call them, "the elements."

Once a year the great turgid stream, gathering its forces together far to the north, and gaining strength as each huge tributary pours into it, sweeps down upon the bottom-lands of half a dozen states, and all along its course thousands of Americans, Middle Westerners and Southerners, gird themselves for the endless struggle. This is one of the most dramatic of our national themes, and no wonder that during the weeks of their annual agony the dwellers of the lower Mississippi valley regard a sunswept hill as heaven. But the trouble, at least it so seems to me, with Mr. Guy's treatment of this clearly epic theme is that although he realizes clearly its symbolism he relates, save for occasional paragraphs, the epic theme in terms of one small, not very interesting community at one small bend of the River. It is interesting to speculate how a Russian would have treated a similar theme, or, in his milder and more restrained fashion, a first-class Englishman, and it is of great importance for the future of American writing to state that until the American realizes more clearly the importance of himself as an individual and the drama and color of his existence, whatever it may be, cast up against the superb color and drama of his land, and integrated with this land for weal or woe, terror or joy, American writing will continue to be marked by the best technique now in existence and a disappointing handling of theme. To understand clearly what I am trying to say, refer back to the occasional great American writer like Thomas Wolfe or Walt Whitman.

Earl Guy

The American writer as a whole is afraid of both Heaven and Hell, and as a result he does not understand in any complete fashion what lies between, in his case his own country. Again and again you read an American novel with admiration and interest, only to put it down with a sense of loss and not a trace of that indignation, or elevation, or feeling or aggrandizement which every worthwhile novel should give. Like the characters in a novel, the reader must grow too; at least, he must move and be moved. And this lack expresses, of course, all sorts of similar and unnecessary losses in the average American life; social, economic, political, domestic, religious, and educational. It also explains that most ghastly of American customs, the average "wisecrack." It is well to meet Fate with a smile, especially if it is implacable; it is sometimes even well to meet it defiantly with a shrug of the shoulders or an oath. But if you are going to challenge it with wit, you had best first be sure that you are a wit, and real wit is fairly rare, invariably based as it is on a knowledge of dignity and tragedy. Fate is a doughty antagonist, and it narrows its eyes when it smiles.

The American is a strange creature, and he is learning, and learning fast. Meanwhile, his state of mind rests upon a paradox, as do most states of mind. He is such a passionate individualist that unless he is a man of great perception and vicariousness he is likely to end up by so shutting himself off within the narrow cell of his own personality that pretty soon he has no more individuality or wideness of out-

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look than the inhabitants of a prison block. Outside is the width and height and magnificence of his country, and he doesn't know it. Outside is the possible passion and loyalty and idealism and greatness of other men or women, but he misses them. He lives within his prison cell, thinking about himself and principally interested in three meals a day and the gossip and intrigue of prisoners like himself. At his most imaginative, he gives himself a label and calls himself a Legionnaire, or a Pacifist, an Interventionist or an Isolationist, and, always, a Republican or a Democrat; very seldom does he think of himself as that fluid and magnificent and growing and changing thing, an American.

No wonder that to Erskine Caldwell and Sinclair Lewis, they being Americans themselves, he seems a creature fit only for bitterness or satire; or to Saroyan, a subject only for escapism; or to John Steinbeck, a study for both escapism and a somewhat confused realism, or to Pearl Buck merely a foil to show the virtues, admitted and already recognized, of the Chinese. Or, once more, that he appears to a large school of good and accomplished writers like Earl Guy, a mere digit, however likable and fundamentally heroic, engaged in a hopeless fight against environment.

Meanwhile, of course, the American by and large is the finest human material the world has ever seen, and is a poet, and imaginativist, and as much at home in the sky as on the earth, as he shows in such crises as the present. But somebody should tell him that that is what he is, and to be himself, and stop kidding. And that it should not take a war or a flood to force him to become once more American. There is no excuse for the rural South to be the paintless, joyless drab country too much of it is, its main recreations surreptitious corn-whiskey and uneasiness about the color-line. By nature it is one of the finest and most gallant sections of the country, and to my thinking the first-class, released, and properly cosmopolitan Southerner is perhaps the best of all Americans. If the Mississippi, and scores of other red affluvial streams, annually drown out half of the South and present the top-layer of already eroded fields to the fishes of the Atlantic ocean, then the Southerners should do something about it and stop looking upon this, and other avoidable conditions, as the hand of God and the evangelical churches, and the direct result of the Civil War and the increased education of the laboring classes. And they should certainly honor, with Spring Festivals, the T. V. A., and other enterprises which show what Americans can do if they've a mind to it.

So You Think You Know About Democracy . . .

Try this "Quiz for Americans"

From the richly stored pages of *A Treasury of Democracy*, edited by Norman Cousins, we have selected a very few pertinent utterances on democracy. Can you identify the speaker? After each quotation check the name you believe to be correct. Then turn to page 20 for the answers and see what your score is.

a. To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right, in peace and war, in council and in fight. *(Abraham Lincoln, Homer, Eleanor Roosevelt)*

b. The strangest thing I ever saw was an aged tyrant. *(Thales, Harold L. Ickes, Voltaire)*

c. All men are by nature equal. *(Thomas Jefferson, Plato, Thomas Paine)*

d. Give me liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties. *(Rousseau, John Locke, John Milton)*

e. God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it. *(Daniel Webster, John Dewey, Herbert Spencer)*

f. It is easier to resist at the beginning than at the end. *(Winston Churchill, Patrick Henry, Leonardo da Vinci)*

g. 'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss. *(Fiorello La Guardia, William Shakespeare, Aristophanes)*

h. I must have liberty. *(Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine, William Shakespeare)*

i. Men of good-will are always at peace; men of good repute and dignity are men of good-will. *(Baltasar Gracián, Jules Romains, Sophocles)*

j. When the tyrant has disposed of foreign enemies by conquest or treaty, and there is nothing to fear from them, then he is always stirring up some war or other, in order that the people may require a leader. *(Plato, John Gunther, Henry Clay)*

k. Awake, arise, or be forever fallen! *(Confucius, Winston Churchill, John Milton)*

l. Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty: it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed. *(Abraham Cowley, Andrew Marvell, Archibald MacLeish)*

m. No individual, nor an inconsiderable number of individuals, can enslave a nation. *(George Washington, John Taylor, Robert E. Sherwood)*

n. Democracy . . . is a condition where people believe that other people are as good as they are. *(Louis Adamic, Stuart Chase, James Madison)*

o. I do not agree with a word you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it. *(Rousseau, Voltaire, Mazzini)*

p. Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome. *(Alexander Hamilton, Cordell Hull, James Thomson)*

q. They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety. *(Benjamin Franklin, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt)*

r. The ground of liberty must be gained by inches. *(John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington)*

s. Free peoples, be mindful of this maxim: "Liberty may be gained, but can never be recovered!" *(Jean Jacques Rousseau, John Dryden, Herbert Agar)*

t. All might be free if they valued freedom, and defended it as they ought. *(Edward Benes, Jan Masaryk, Samuel Adams)*

u. What mighty perils wait the man who meddles with a State. *(Charles Churchill, Adam Smith, Oliver Goldsmith)*

v. He who allows oppression shares the crime. *(Harold L. Ickes, Samuel Johnson, Erasmus Darwin)*

w. Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God. *(Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Wendell L. Willkie)*

x. He certainly is not a wise man, who folds his arms . . . seeing with unconcern the flames that have invaded his neighbor's house, without any endeavors to extinguish them. *(John Dickinson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Pericles)*

y. Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? *(Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George, Patrick Henry)*

z. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal. *(Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, John Hancock)*

EVERY writer contributing to this quiz and scores of others are included in *A Treasury of Democracy*. All races and nations, all kinds of freedom-loving men and women *since the beginning of history* have contributed to this volume. It contains *more quotations* than any other book in the same field—a long and continuous pageant of liberty. And in addition it contains original contributions from 75 notable contemporaries who state their position on democracy in this time of crisis. *With an epilogue by Stephen Vincent Benét.*
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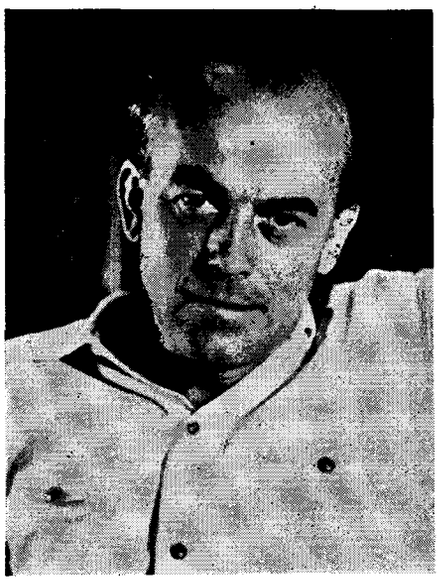
Philadelphia in 1876

CENTENNIAL SUMMER. By Albert E. Idell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1943. 426 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS gay novel, in spite of its unique and brilliant backdrop of the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia, is full of echoes: the Rogers family is strikingly like the Clarence Day family; the domestic pattern, the servants, the devilish younger children, the unwelcome house guests, the visiting clergyman—all are familiar; but the familiarity is cozy and agreeable. The faults of Clarence Day, dear Brutus, were also the faults of his age, as are those of Jesse Rogers; the two men with much in common would have fought violently over political differences, and respected each other thoroughly. Not only such biographies as "Life with Father" but also the deluge of period-piece novels in recent years makes "Centennial Summer" seem less original than it really is.

The charm of the novel lies in its characterization, the amusing re-creation of the Philadelphia of 1876, and its robust humor. The author has succeeded where many fail; he has written a gay and happy novel which is inoffensively cheerful and completely unsentimental. The animated Rogers group in themselves could hold our



Albert E. Idell

amused attention, but outsiders add to the gaiety and, of course, make possible an exiguous plot. There is tobacco-chewing, democracy-loving Father Duffy, whom Quakerish Jesse Rogers stubbornly addresses as "Duffy"; there is Mrs. Roger's wealthy Parisian sister Zena, visiting the Centennial with her handsome nephew, who has charge of the French exhibit. The dynamic and amative Zena has not only a prodigious Past, but also, one feels, an enchanting Future as well. Other characters are few in number, and there is no sense of clutter. We laugh less at human frailty (for that way lie satire and danger of cynicism) than at the absurdities of a past age: almost incredible notions of modesty, gargantuan meals, fantastic clothes, stuffy interiors, luxuriant beards, etc. This sort of laughter is patronizing and a bit priggish, but otherwise harmless.

There are serious but unobtrusive undertones: the scandal of the Crédit Mobilier, the ineptitude of President Grant and the rascality of other public officials, the shameless buccaneering of the robber barons, the vast gap between political and economic equality, the execrable taste in general of the time, the neglect of the arts and compensatory worship of bigness. The French visitor, like Martin Chuzzlewit a generation earlier, is appalled by American manners, boastfulness, vulgarity, and materialism. But these muted undertones in a minor key never affect the gaiety of the book. The most serious note is struck by Father Duffy in an impromptu speech on July 4, 1876, in which he pleads for a finer democracy than the untrammeled freedom to exploit, and suggests that the flaming political manifesto on its hundredth birthday should be more precious and useful than a mere theme for turgid oratory.

Answers to "Quiz for Americans"
(See page 19)

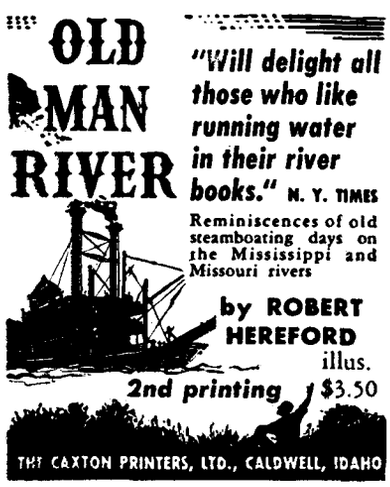
a. Homer
b. Thales
c. Plato
d. John Milton
e. Daniel Webster
f. Leonardo da Vinci
g. William Shakespeare
h. William Shakespeare
i. Baltasar Gracián
j. Plato
k. John Milton
l. Abraham Cowley
m. John Taylor
n. Stuart Chase
o. Voltaire
p. James Thomson
q. Benjamin Franklin
r. Thomas Jefferson
s. Jean Jacques Rousseau
t. Samuel Adams
u. Charles Churchill
v. Erasmus Darwin
w. Thomas Jefferson
x. John Dickinson
y. Patrick Henry
z. Thomas Jefferson

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 485)

CAROLYN WELLS:
THE RE-ECHO CLUB
(THE "PURPLE COW" BY GELETT BURGESS, ACCORDING TO POE.)

.....

In there stepped a Purple Cow
which gayly tripped around
my floor.
Not the least obeisance made she,
Not a moment stopped or stayed
she,
But with mien of chorus-lady.....
On a dusty bust of Dante perched
and sat above my door.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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TRIPLE THREAT *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Short story collection featuring Poirot, Harley Quin and "Tuppence."	Excellent omnibus, recommended to those who like their detective fiction short and eventful. The Quin stories are especially worth re-reading.	Bedside book de luxe
FLOWER OF THE GODS *Eden Phillpotts* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Aged English horticulturist disappears with seeds of rare Andean plant. He turns up dead giving Scotland Yard pretty puzzle.	Lovers of slam-bang action warned off. Other readers will find tale baffling, faultlessly written and diverting no end.	Rewarding
SWEET MURDER *M. Scott Michel* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Female corpses in apt. of dance maestro annoy him greatly and give Pvt. Det. Wood Jaxon some perilous moments.	Pungent pabulum for readers who like their mysteries hard-boiled and, to say least, unconventional—also pretty sordid.	My, my!

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The Phoenix Nest

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the May 22 issue of "The Phoenix Nest," Mr. Benét made the observation that he felt the American people "have a strong suspicion that capital is cashing in on the war." He drew his argument largely from "The Coming Showdown," by Carl Dreher, published last year.

This was followed in the issue of July 10 with a reply from Thomas W. Lamont, chairman of the board of the J. P. Morgan & Company, Inc., stating that big corporations were being "fragmentized, democratized," and that most of the large blocks of individual holdings no longer exist. Mr. Lamont presented a table of forty large manufacturers of war materials showing that income and dividends have been declining while payrolls and taxes are on the increase.

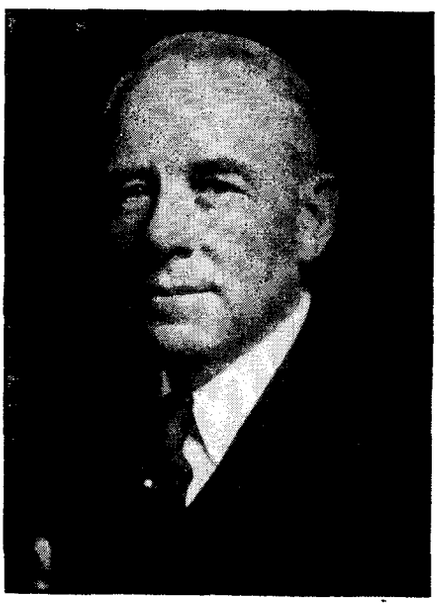
Because of the prominence given Mr. Lamont's letter in the press and over the air, the editors made public Mr. Benét's counter-reply, which follows, in advance of publication date.

Banker vs. Poet: Round III

THE *Nest* could hardly escape being flattered by the attention paid to its vestiges of opinion by an eminent financier. You see, if Tom Lamont can be a mossy violet, I can be a mossier! Nor could I escape being rather appalled by having my name, so to speak, headlined, just as I had quietly stolen away to Cape Ann for a communion with the shades of some of the Transcendentalists who once sojourned here. But such, I suppose, are the penalties of opinion.

Mr. Lamont's letter was that of a scholar and a gentleman, as was to be expected. It was an honest letter from an honest man, which also goes without saying. He puts the blame for "dat ole davil" Economic Cycle on Wars. Wars have undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the woes of the world from time immemorial; and they get worse and worse. But wars do not just happen because men like to fight. They happen also because men hold opinions they think are worth fighting for, for those opinions become principles and ideals. We are now fighting abroad for our own ideals, which very word means (as people are likely to forget) that they are only in process of being realized, and may, indeed, never be wholly realized. At home we are engaged in a great deal of friction, hardly exhibiting the unity of the Tight Little Isle—which, just because it is a little isle and we a great sprawling continent, has less trouble, it would seem, in cohering under crisis.

All this causes my own infinitesimal corner to wax controversial, and sometimes, like most journalists, I am inclined to make sweeping statements. But I was aware that many people now owned shares in our great corporations; and Tom knows that when I said "capital" I did not mean those people. After all the many small stock-holders in a large corporation exercise practically no control over the affairs of that corporation. They may politely be asked to "sit in," at times, to be represented at a board meeting. If any did, they'd be too overawed to venture an opinion. I meant by capital the men in the uppermost income brackets (if we eliminate the Movie Stars!) who, through their money and (hence) power, control, or help control, great industrial corporations and public utilities; whose holdings (however democratized corporations may be today) are not small; who wield the power that money can wield; who direct lobbies and pressure groups; whose object is to maintain the social and economic system of the United States for the benefit of the few and for the profit



Thomas W. Lamont

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of the few, and not for the benefit of the great majority and the profit of the great majority.

If Tom takes the position there are no such Americans now, I can only say that I cannot agree with him, and feel that he sees the picture through the rosy glasses of a too-amiable temperament. There are such men as those of whom I speak, and they are powerful. In private life they may be pleasant men, and they are honest enough, because they believe in a country being run for the few. They believe in privilege. I don't believe in any such thing, and I think it is totally un-American. But that is what I mean by Capital. It goes hand in hand with the obstruction of all progress in sociology and economics, because it is afraid that it will lose its preferred position of power. It has taken up the slogan of Free Enterprise because that assures its preferred position.

IT would be nice to wake up tomorrow and find that this statement was what Tom calls Carl Dreher's book, a "fantasy." But so long as I hear of the head of a large corporation slicing himself off a huge bonus —for what?—while his workingmen live in working conditions that should be a scandal, I will believe in such men. Such bonuses have been known in the immediate past, and such working conditions are, unfortunately, known today. It isn't fantasy. And I once took a look at the published figures of incomes in these United States and they sickened me. A very few had enormous incomes and the great majority had incomes upon which, at best (the cost of living being what it is), they could barely scrape along. What on earth is the world for, if not to enable every one to work, have three square meals a day, and a decent roof over his head, sound health, recreation and the opportunity to be properly educated? And all that is now humanly possible—for everyone in this country. Tom says that a lot of it has happened here already. (Let us leave out wartime which establishes an unusual set of conditions.) He thinks I am looking entirely too much on the dark side of the picture. Possibly. But from the earliest times that is the only way facts have been brought out into the open, and conditions improved.

About "collectivism." Yes, it is a Nazi and a Fascist product, but also it is (what Tom omitted to say) a Communist product. And it started as a key-stone of Socialism. The Nazis and the Fascists merely stole such features as suited them. At this point I shall not add to the current rather acrimonious discussion of Russia and Communism. But Russia is a Communist State, and also our praised and respected ally, and it is obviously collectivist; and if Russia can profitably learn from our ways of democracy (as I believe she can) we can also profitably study how collectivism works, and in what respects it does not work, over there. I myself do not believe in any kind of dictatorship, and I never did believe in, among other kinds, "the dictatorship of the proletariat." Insofar as Russia is a dictatorship, I think it is a dangerous form of government. Certain achievements in Russia were accomplished (and there is no argument about this) at a terrific cost in human lives. I do not wish that kind of collectivism in America, and certainly not at that price. I *do* want "the independence of Americans" preserved. But quite aside from whether Carl Dreher's book is gospel or a lot of hooey (and I myself thought he said some pretty shrewd things), is it too much to ask that this cherished independence of ours ceases to be made a cloak for those who would rule America for their own profit and oppose every kind of reform of our processes? The ideals of the New Deal—however faulty the processes may have been in certain respects—have always really been anathema to these—pardon me. Tom!—Big Boys. *Sufficit.*

As for sitting down to a cool drink with Mr. Lamont at the Coffee House or anywhere, it would be a pleasure. I might not be much help to him in immediately eliminating Wars! Perhaps I would modify my opinion of our press. It is pretty much ruled by its advertisers (except *PM*), but it also produces some remarkable things, like the reporting of the present War, which is an everlasting tribute to the efficiency and perspicacity of the special correspondent. I should say to Tom, too, right off, that I liked his "tabled figures," and that I was glad to have him mention "the immense corporate income and excess profits taxes that these industries are, *quite properly,* being called upon to pay" (*Italics my own*). I should say to him that I realize the necessity of maintaining corporate reserves; but that such a howl has gone up about them, in the midst of a vital war, from the big industrialists, that I have also felt, "Methinks, they do protest too much!" And I should ask: What is it in our present social philosophy and economic thinking that breeds these devastating wars; what shall we do to be saved? Tom is, I believe, in direct descent from the clergy, and is sincerely interested in what we shall do to be saved. From what? Well, for instance. I suppose anyone would grant that William Allen White *is* a good American, no wild-eyed Red, a solid citizen—and we know that he at one time backed the Kansas Sunflower. Yet recently I read something he said about big business men in Washington. He said as men they were good fellows and good friends, but that the minute you got them on the subject of their own business and its future they became fierce, fanatical, and ruthless. I'm merely saying what I read, Straws.

OVER and above that, I won't say I love this country—any more than a man would boast in public of his love for his mother—but I am part of this country, and it is still The Country of the Great Experiment. I know how much my brother, who was a far better man than I, loved this country. And, Boy, how I hate its faults! Which does not mean that I am any "plarster saint," as anyone who knows me knows. "The form and extent of control by the government": Yes, that is what we shall have to work out. But it will always involve a certain amount of fighting—men being made that way. Tom is a most charming, informed, and amiable man, but when he tells me, "Let us be careful!" I say "No, let us not be *too* careful! Let us be bold." The early initiators and enterprisers were bold. Let us be bold for the future of *all* the people of this country. Let us not be contented with saying how much better the workman over here has lived than have the peasants in Europe. This is a great, strong, rich country with food for all, work for all, homes for all, if we make it so. It is a country that, even as it is, men will fight and die for. Let us make it truly the hope of the whole world.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge.
2. "The Walrus and the Carpenter," by Lewis Carroll.
3. "Annabel Lee," by Edgar Allan Poe.
4. "Sea Fever," by Masefield.
5. "Ode to Autumn," by John Keats.
6. "Il Penseroso," by John Milton.
7. "Ode to the West Wind," by Shelley.
8. "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud," by Wordsworth.
9. "Keep the Home Fires Burning," by Lena Guilbert Ford.
10. "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell.
11. "Ring Out, Wild Bells," by Tennyson.
12. "A Tempest," by Emily Dickinson.
13. "The Elfin Artist," by Alfred Noyes.
14. "Oh Fair Enough Are Sky and Plain," by A. E. Housman.
15. "Purple Grackles," by Amy Lowell.

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The Crostics Club

SINCE learning from Professor Hatfield last summer that *emmet* was a common word for ant, I've come across it several times only to marvel that in my long life it was such a stranger to me. My latest find is in Edwin A. Robinson's "Lancelot," where in the beginning Gawaine voices these lines:

If I be not the friend of Lancelot,
May I be nailed alive along the ground
And emmets eat me dead.

Didn't I give you recently another word pertaining to ants—*formic?* And since we are on the subject I may as well get out of my system that stanza from Humbert Wolfe's "Go to the Sluggard, thou Ant." It is surprising that Wolfe's poems are not more accessible in this country, for, like Milne's, they are written out of a charming relationship between parent and child, but the former's satire is keener:

When I consider how you trouble
Your soul with useless scraps of rubble,
How first you pull and then you push
Through blades of grass and bits of bush
Your burden with exceeding pain
Only to bring it back again,—
I murmur, as you lunge and pant,
"Go to the sluggard, O you ant."

and later on:

Put off your dim obscure attire,
Go like the humming-bird in fire.
If called upon for effort, strike!
Drink, roister, anything you like
Till all whose motto is, "I shan't
Profit by your example, ant."

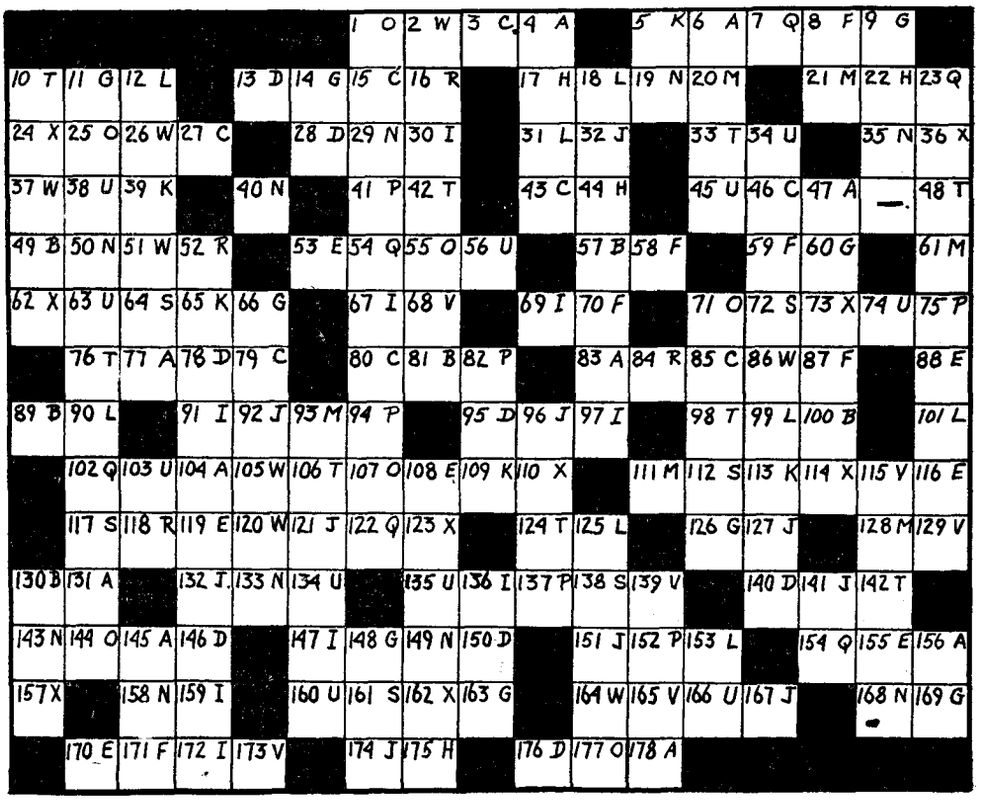
Professor Hatfield, by the way, one of our octogenarian live wires, is the perpetrator of the following:

The plea of your New Jersey correspondent
Has left me sunk into a mood despondent:
So far from praying that DC's be teasier,
I only wish to Heaven that they were easier!

I don't believe *him*.

In that article in the June 19 *SRL* you DCers must have pricked up your ears as in reading "Unlocking the Door to Joyce" you came across: "Stephen Dedalus, who suffers from an analogous malady in 'Ulysses,' calls it the 'Agenbite of inwit,' the incessant gnawing of rat-toothed remorse." You recall Mrs. Ethel Farr's curiosity as to its meaning when she came across it in Vincent Sheean's "Between the Thunder and the Sun." Perhaps his use of it came from "Ulysses" rather than from the original fourteenth century treatise by Dan Michel in Kentish.

Harriet C. Harriman, Burlington, Vt., thanks 'Priam's sister' "for taking her back to her dog-eared and much-marked copies of 'the Iliad' and 'the Odyssey' and a grand time re-reading them." E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 486

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A charlatan.

B. Roman General and Shakesperean lover (in title).

C. Character in "As You Like It."

D. A place of torment or martyrdom (Bib. source).

E. In a courteous and social manner.

F. The poem whose failure made Scott return to novel-writing.

G. A tragedy by Aeschylus (with *The* —one of a Trilogy).

H. Punch's dog in a Punch and Judy Show.

I. One's destined course (3 wds.).

J. A host whose identity is in doubt (Class. source).

K. Devotes or accommodates itself or oneself to.

L. Traditional Hebrew melody (for Yom Kippur).

M. Forms into an arch.

N. Uproar; fracas.

O. A harbinger of summer.

P. Called by Scott the *English Juvenal* (1653-83).

Q. Author of "Praeterita" (1885-9).

R. A vein or lode (mining).

S. To offer up; dedicate (religious orders).

T. Gimcracks.

U. An awkward, gawky fellow.

V. Arbiters with the casting vote.

W. Implements for digging and grubbing.

X. Stretched out in length.

WORDS

4 77 109 178 47 131 83 156 145 6

89 81 57 49 130 100

3 46 27 80 15 85 43 79

146 78 150 13 176 95 140 28

119 88 170 108 53 155 116

171 58 87 8 59 70

60 14 126 163 11 148 66 169 9

22 44 17 175

147 97 69 172 91 136 67 159 30

132 174 167 96 121 151 92 127 141 32

113 65 109 39 5

99 101 18 125 31 12 90 153

20 111 128 93 61 21

29 50 168 35 19 143 149 40 158 133

71 1 25 55 107 144 177

137 75 82 152 41 94

23 54 102 154 7 122

84 118 52 16

138 117 64 161 72 112

142 48 124 33 76 106 10 42 98

45 38 135 56 63 166 134 74 160 103 34

129 115 139 173 165 68

26 2 120 105 37 86 164 51

73 36 114 157 123 62 162 24 110

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